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SPECIAL SPANISH NUMBER.

ALFONSO'S HEIR: THE PRESENTATION OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS.

One of the most interesting ceremonies in connection with the birth of the heir to the throne of Spain is the presentation. As soon after the birth as possible, the child is dressed and carried in a silver basket into the antechamber, where all the high officials are waiting. King Alfonso's face was wreathed in smiles as he performed this ceremony, while the guests, carried out of the usual formality of the Court by their enthusiasm, crowded round to obtain a close view of their infant Prince.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall Girls Compete?

FOR.

BEFORE we answer this question we must recognise the fact that if the doors of offices and business houses were closed against the Business Girl, work would receive a crippling blow throughout the country.

It is all very well to say that the place of the Business Girl could quickly be filled by men whose proper post is the office stool, but it is a totally different undertaking to prove that men and lads are capable of accomplishing work in the same way as does the girl in the office.

Of late years a great change has come over office methods in the City and in the provinces. Modern conditions of trade and commerce demand that the type of office employee who sucked the ruler top, and converted his blotting pad into convenient ammunition, shall be replaced by the alert, bright, intelligent, enthusiastic worker, and the wise employer has found her in the Business Girl.

She it is who has the nimbler fingers, the quicker perception, and the greater willingness, no matter whether her duties are at the desk, the telephone or the typewriter. It is the rarest thing to meet with the Business Girl who has any desire to do the smallest possible amount of work, spread over the longest possible time, with an impatient eye on the clock until it gives the signal for pens to be dropped, hats snatched, and the dust of the accursed office shaken from the feet.

Above all things the Business Girl is what the American calls "live." Poorly—shamefully—paid as she is in the greater number of instances, she is seldom, if ever, a "slacker." On what she has to do she concentrates herself with a sense of justice to her employer which appears wholly unnecessary to the majority of male clerks.

THE BUSINESS GIRL IS ESSENTIALLY GOOD FOR BUSINESS,

and that is the reason why she is every day establishing her position more firmly in all directions in which the highest efficiency is imperative to success in trade. It has been said that girl clerks are employed solely on account of the economy they effect in salaries; but are we to believe that any man in his senses, who has his prosperity at stake, would fill his office with girls to save his pocket at the expense of his business?

Woman's honour is a question of circumstances and individual opinion. Many men—especially very young men—consider that all women are by nature mean and dishonest. Probably they want back the heart that has been stolen from them; but whatever girls may be in the world of sentiment, they are downright honest in the world of work.

Business is an excellent training for girls. It induces habits of punctuality, and teaches a girl what she seldom learns at home at the present day—discipline. It encourages order and method, and the cultivation of a keener interest in what is going on in the world generally than can ever be awakened by the absorption of parental wisdom at the breakfast table.

To the Business Girl, whose hours of recreation are strictly numbered, the desire to take up some health-giving sport or pastime is much greater than in the case of the girl who has more idle hours on her hands than she can possibly know what to do with.

There is no finer school of thrift existing than wage-earning, and the girl who goes into business must learn to account to herself strictly for every farthing she spends. She gains a knowledge of the value of money which seldom comes to the girl with an allowance which she regards as a sum apportioned to her to toss about exactly as her fancy dictates.

SELF-RESPECT AND INDEPENDENCE MUST GROW IN THE BUSINESS GIRL

who has to make her way amidst the rough-and-tumble of the business world. The spirit of self-protection becomes strong, and she learns to judge the character of men and women, as no home-staying, ease-loving girl, who relies on the protection of her mother and father, has any desire to do.

The fact that the girl can now compete in business has brought comfort to thousands of families in which the wage-earners were formerly only the male members of the household, while the girls were forced to feel themselves a burden on the resources of their struggling parents, and were crushed in spirit by the knowledge of their utter uselessness in a world which had not yet opened its doors to the plucky Business Girl.

AGAINST.

The average male clerk earns an income which, apparently, would prove sufficient, and no more, to keep the average girl clerk in hats for a year. Yet we hear on all sides the bitter shriek of the "underpaid woman worker."

These facts seem to suggest that there is something radically wrong with the division of work and wages among girls and men. How can it be that the girl clerk is fast ousting the man clerk from his position, and filling it for payment which can bring little better than a life of toil and starvation? The fact in itself cannot be denied. The demand for girl clerks, secretaries, and nondescripts of all kinds is growing, and the supply seems to be inexhaustible. Everywhere women are engaged where men once reigned supreme, yet still they come—these fervent, charming ornaments for the office stool, and, with a winning smile and a cart-wheel hat, offer their services for ten shillings a week.

What is the secret? Pin-money. The clerk who was dependent for his uncomfortable lodging, his carefully-kept clothes, his rare and paltry "luxuries," upon a salary as bare as any living wage, has had to fall out or compete against the girl who has hit on a brilliant expedient for increasing her pocket-money. For the sake of a few extra frocks and an added touch of smartness to their general appearance, girls are underselling men in the business market.

SURELY SUCH COMPETITION AS THIS IS UNFAIR

to those who have their living to make, and are unable at any sacrifice to conform to the feminine standard of pay. For the girl who is solely dependent on her earnings man has nothing but sympathy and the kindest regard. It is those who lay their competitive campaign from a comfortable home base who are not only bringing ruin to the male clerk, but are making it impossible for the genuine workers among girls and women to obtain a salary upon which they can exist, much less hope to attain positions filled by the showy amateur.

If girls cannot compete honourably against men in business employments, they have no right to usurp their sphere. But it is not alone in underselling that the girl is making the outlook of the man hopeless. She, in too many cases, over-smiles and over-dresses her way into offices which were once dull and grey. "Brighter surroundings" is a catch cry of the day, and even the sternest of business heads is not averse to the brightness of the feminine blouse, or that consummate cheerfulness which comes so easily to those who work without Necessity as a task-master.

WOMEN ARE NEITHER MENTALLY NOR PHYSICALLY FITTED

to take upon themselves the strenuous wearing, tearing strain of a City office. Anyone who has stood in one of the great termini during the hours in which the business trains are pouring in their human freight, must have been filled with wonder and pity by the spectacle of the stream of pale women and girls, some irresponsible and gay-hearted, some grave, some worn and pinched, others hard and callous; all pushing, jostling, typifying the feverish race for life in their desperate struggle for the office door.

What is more calculated to destroy the finest womanly instincts than life in a City office, with its nerve-racking, ceaseless activity, its formalities and exactions without regard to strength or sex?

To hold her place in an office, to retain her self-esteem, and the respect of those she works with and under, a girl must have a steel-strong will, an acute worldly knowledge, and untold tact. And when we reflect that the opening of business positions to women brings hundreds of young and helpless girls from the country, and that it is impossible for such girls or their parents to know with whom they will be associated, we cannot feel otherwise than that it is a grave mistake to encourage the indiscriminate competition of the girl against the business man.

THE DANCING LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

During his recent visit to his birthplace in Cornwall, Sir William Treloar took part in the Furry Dance, thus proving that even cares of office cannot weigh him down. Our photograph shows him dancing down the steps of the vicarage with his partner. Inset is the Lord Mayor shaking hands with the cripple boy who presented an address to him.

PRINCE FUSHIMI IN LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Prince Fushimi pays a visit to Windsor, and is greatly interested in the ancient Castle and the Royal Chapel.

The Prince and the Duke of Connaught driving down the Embankment to the lunch given to Prince Fushimi at the Guildhall.

PRINCE EDUARDO!

THE heir to the throne of Spain has been named Alfonso Pio Cristino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonio Venancior, but there can be little doubt that he will be known in this country as Prince Eduardo, the name borne (*the English Edward*) by our own King.

The bells have pealed the message that the people of Spain have been waiting for so eagerly, the guns have boomed a deep-throated signal to the listening multitudes, and with the last boom of the guns and the final peal of the bells the pent-up feelings of the hot-blooded Spanish people have broken deliriously loose.

A prince has been born—long live the Prince of Asturias!

To all people, even the most humble, the birth of the first-born, be it son or daughter, is the event of a life-time, and when the parents are a king and queen how much more important does the affair become. It is the affair of a whole nation, the topic of conversation of a continent, for an heir to the throne is not the same as other babies, though he may be curiously like them in appearance, for a baby is just—a baby.

Ever since the engagement of the royal couple, the Spanish people have been enthusiastic about the English Princess who is now their Queen, and with the passing of time that enthusiasm has grown stronger, until Victoria Eugenie, Queen of Spain, holds a place in their hearts only equalled by that occupied by Alfonso. And now that an heir has been born, there are rejoicings in Spain such as have never been known before, so that the English Queen is perhaps for the time being an even greater idol to her Spanish subjects than their King. Perhaps, however, it is the little Prince, only a few days old, who is just now nearest to the hearts of the people.

The proudest man in Spain at the present time is King Alfonso, and he is never tired of discussing the future awaiting his little son. To him the child is not merely an heir to the throne, but the consummation of his happy marriage to his English Princess. It is rumoured that King Alfonso intends to have Prince Eduardo educated in England, and a leading Spanish paper says: "The boy, too, can more easily be educated abroad, preferably in England, where he will constantly have before his eyes the great examples and masterly lessons of the nation, the first in liberty and in democratic institutions, which has merited the glorious title of the Crowned Republic."

Prince Fushimi, the representative of the Mikado, driving through London to the Guildhall.

THE POOR AND THE PAWNSHOPS.

To celebrate the birth, the directors of the Barcelona savings banks will distribute £400 among the poor to enable them to redeem articles pledged in pawnshops.

King Alfonso has given £1600 to the poor of Madrid. The municipal council will open savings bank accounts for twenty poor children born on Friday, while £2000 will be granted as marriage portions for poor young girls and to provide free university courses for four poor students.

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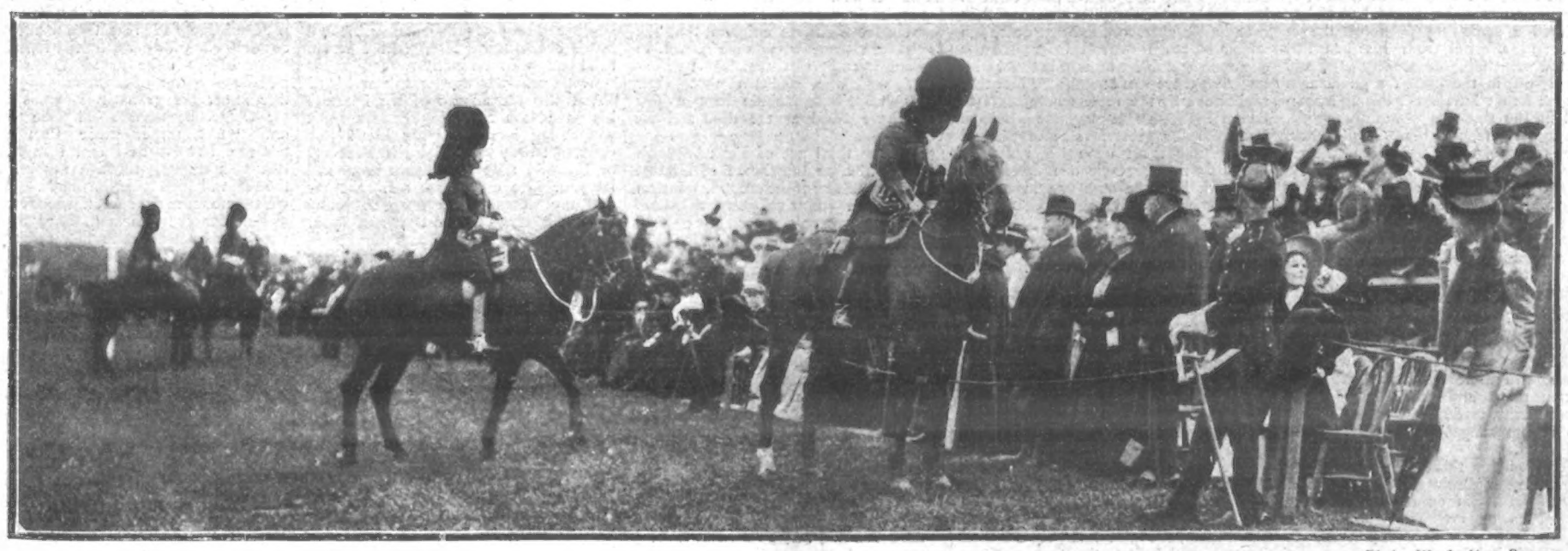


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE REVIEW THAT WAS NOT A REVIEW.

Owing to inclement weather the great review which had been planned to take place at Aldershot, and at which Prince Fushimi was to have been present, had to be abandoned, though a decision was not arrived at until the troops had been on the ground for some hours. Our photograph shows officers explaining to spectators that the review will not take place.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

"HARKER, what do you mean? Is that true? Tell me what you know." And her pale eyes glittered at the sudden prospect of finding some flaw in the armour of the girl she hated. But Harker went on enigmatically, "Wonder what Mr. Jerrold, who thinks such a lot of her, and this Mr. Wynne that folks are making such a fuss about would think to see her and hear her hob-nobbing and wrangling—yes, wrangling with a man who the other day was marking their score at billiards?"

"Then have you seen and heard them?" Mrs. Jerningham demanded, eagerly. "Harker, you know more than you are telling me."

"Lots more," he chuckled.

"Then tell me all you know."

But Eli Harker answered—"Not me, anyway—not yet."

"Why not? You hate her as bitterly as I do, if possible, and you have good reason to do so; you hold your very position, which was secure until she came and thrust me from my place, absolutely upon her sufferance, a sufferance likely to end at any moment."

"Who says so?" he demanded with insolent defiance. And she answered—"Everybody says so."

Eli Harker laughed in a harsh undertone. "Daresay, everybody says such a lot and knows such a lot. But I'm going to say nothing till I see which way the cat jumps. Yes—he! he! till I see how 'the young cat' jumps."

CHAPTER XV.

A crowded and representative house assembled to witness the first production of the new play by the newest of the dramatists; the air vibrated with expectant excitement as with electricity. As a playwright this Felix Wynne was absolutely a new man; true, his stories had of late achieved a somewhat phenomenal success, and a serial from his pen had created something of a sensation, and was already in the press for publication in book form; but, as the throng assembled in the stalls so cheerfully agreed, many quite respectable story-writers failed miserably as playwrights. Moreover, many of those occupants had arrived in aggressive mood; certain of them who deemed themselves entitled to the compliment of boxes had only been forwarded stalls—these, in fact, outnumbering far and away the boxes in the house. Others were even more irate at having been allotted seats in the dress circle, and still more were smarting with the sense of injury in not having been supplied with exclusive details of the plot of the forthcoming play. And there were yet others, still more embittered, who had written plays and submitted plays to whose merits, testified by their authors, this same management had been deaf and blind.

Furthermore, this new author had shown himself absolutely indifferent, not only deficient in appreciation of the advantages of preliminary puff paragraphs, but absolutely indifferent to them, and, judging by the consensus of the views of sundry gentlemen who posed as authorities on what constituted good plays, but had themselves written only bad ones, the new aspirant to dramatic honours was in danger of rather a bad time.

The front rows even of the pit and gallery simmered with anticipatory animus, these being mainly occupied by the leading spirits of certain organisations which, although posing as authorities, self-constituted, on plays and players, were accorded no official recognition by the box-office.

But there were others: the least obstrusive, but by no means most inconsiderable section of the audience consisted of dramatic enthusiasts drawn from the general public, and devoted to the stage for its own sake, and not as a means to their own advertisement. And while the log-rollers and the wreckers faced the audience, and by their strident chatter and manner thrust themselves into observation, that backbone of the British drama, the paying public, with no axe to grind save its own entertainment, waited to watch how the new aspirant to its favour would face the first-night ordeal. Behind the curtains of a far-off box Felicia Wynne, with beating heart and with a rarer flush in her cheek and a brighter radiance than ever in her eyes, awaited that ordeal on which so much depended for one she deemed the noblest brother in the world, knowing there was at stake for him that night not only the mere emoluments to be derived from that play alone, but the immeasurably greater value of the seal that it might set upon his work and upon his name. Only one companion was with her, the only one in all the world she would in that crisis have desired, or even suffered.

And now the crucial moment was arriving, the hum and chattering had all died away, the overture, too, in its turn was nearing an end; ting! went a little bell somewhere far away; tightening her grasp of her companion's hand, Felicia whispered—

"Diana, dear, look! look! at last the curtain 's rising! His play 's going to begin!"

The opening scene began, the audience settled in their seats wondering what quality of new fare was being placed before them. They were not long in doubt. The crisp, clever dialogue speedily put them into a good humour; ere long the characterisation had captured them, the plot had gripped their interest, and before the first act was half-way through laughter and applause were punctuating its progress, and as situation followed situation, thrill followed thrill, and the curtain went down on the first act to applause spontaneous and enthusiastic.

During the entr'acte one unanimous pronouncement found expression in all parts of the house, particularly at the stalls buffet. If the remaining acts were as good as the first the play was a "go." But would they be? And the wise ones shook their heads profoundly.

The second act, however, proved even better, brighter, stronger than the first, and the verdict at the close was that assuming that Act III. maintained the standard, not only was the success of the play certain, but a new star was to be added to the chart of the theatrical firmament; the new author had at last arrived. The cognoscenti, however, still sagely wagged their heads, uttering vague mutterings concerning "the fatal third act," and expressing their opinion that the author had exhausted all his thunder in the first two acts, and had none left for the third, the climax of which one leading critic, a wretched failure as a dramatist, had declared was obvious, to be of necessity followed by an anti-climax. And a shoal of smaller fry sapiently repeated the great man's dictum, for Disraeli's epigram, that the critics are those who have failed in literature and art, remains true as ever, with the addition that their ranks nowadays include not a few who have failed at the desk and the counter.

But the third act of Felix Wynne's play, continuing the thread of interest from the tableau of the second, went on gaining strength with every situation, every development, every line; thrill followed thrill, and that sound so seldom heard in modern playhouses—the sudden sough of pent-up breath let go—filled the house again and again, and the climax was, after all, quite other to that predicted obvious one, and there was neither room nor time for any anti-climax at all, for just in that psychological moment, when Felix Wynne had his audience electrified and spellbound with the most daring *coup de théâtre* of all—ting! the curtains closed on the culminating situation and "picture," which held them so completely in its grasp, that for some seconds they sat looking at each other with indrawn breath and wonderment.

And then, with a roar as of a long pent-up and accumulating torrent suddenly bursting its flood-gates, a mighty cheering, long and loud, filled and thrilled and shook the house, and Felix Wynne had, with his first venture, written the play of the year, of the lustrum, of the decade.

After the curtain had been raised again and again, the principals were called and recalled to receive their well-won tribute of approbation; and then one mighty shout went up—"Author!" Marah Delahay was leaning over her box-edge, with eyes glistening and cheeks aflame, clapping her hands and joining in the clamorous demand. The curtain at the prompt side sagged back; Felix Wynne, joyous, but calm and collected as ever, appeared before the footlights to a sudden turbulent crescendo of acclamation, and "came into his own."

"Diana," Felicia laughed hysterically, "you are as glad as I." They were for hurrying away, so as to relieve Felix of any distraction, for word had already reached them of shrewd Americans and others already on his track with offers for Transatlantic, provincial, and other rights, and of yet others anxious to be first in the field with commissions.

But even as they stepped out of their carriage at the Northumberland Avenue Hotel, Stephen Jerrold and Felix himself dashed up in Felix's motor, and took them prisoner to supper. And when, half an hour later, Marah leaned over the balcony, drinking in the air of the soft summer night and the radiance and beauty of London Town by glittering light, beside its river, pearled with the twinkling myriad reflections, Felix Wynne, leaning beside her, told her a tenderer story than he had ever penned—true story of his love for her.

"I would not have dared to tell you," he said, "only that fortune has been kind to me. In wealth I am still far from your equal, as in many other ways; but that disparity is decreasing—the outlook is so golden that it may disappear. Still, even now, Diana dear, I would rather you were in wealth and station other than you are. Diana, if I had my heart's desire, I would be another King Cophetua, you should be another Beggar Maid, and I would raise you to my throne."

What was her answer to her king? What was the answer of her heart to his passionate appealing? Her heart was crying joyously, "My king! My Galahad! My true knight, without fear or blemish, take me in your arms and let your love encompass me. Let me fold my wings like a dove trembling with gladness, at nest within your heart."

But she dared not, could not even whisper what her heart was crying. No, no! She set her teeth, clenched her hands, and almost piteously murmured, "No, no, it cannot be!"

"Diana," he cried, "tell me why! I had begun to hope, but—ah! love has made me too daring, too confident. After all, my spurs are not yet wholly won, only in the winning. Oh, Diana, I do not wish that we had never met, because when I met you my soul awakened; but I wish that I had met you before great fortune and broad lands came to you, or, better still for me, that they had never come to you. I would have won them for you, Diana. Oh, my love, my queen! if only yours had been the lot in life of that other girl who left the convent with you, if you had been, not Diana Jerningham, but Marah Delahay, friendless, poor, alone, I would have laid my heart at your feet, you should have been my lady and my queen, and I reigning in your heart would have been happier by far than any king on any throne. Diana! Diana!"

For, overwrought by the excitement of the few last hours, by the great triumph of the man she loved, but doubtless, above all, by the swift realisation of the worthlessness of what she had risked her soul to gain, the priceless ness of what she had lost, she sank to his arms swooning, white and fair and mute as any lily.

CHAPTER XVI.

Marah had cherished no delusion that she had seen or heard the last of Mr. Gibson. As she had anticipated, that individual lost little time in again approaching her on his errand of thinly veiled blackmail.

A few days after her return to the Manor House a servant announced that Gibson, who was waiting in the hall, requested a few moments' interview on the subject of repairs to the cottage. Before he had been admitted, Nurse Sylvain, who from the balcony running along the front of the house had seen Gibson approach, entered through the French window and demanded of Marah—"How are you going to deal with this fellow?"

Marah threw up her hands with a gesture of helplessness.

"What can I do?" she asked. "This, of course, is only the beginning of a blackmailing campaign, the adding of another horror to my intolerable situation."

"There is no help for it. He must have his hush-money."

But Marah passionately protested.

"No, no, mother! There is only one thing to be done. I must throw up this wretched cheating game. Only one plan is possible—the plan I had resolved upon and that he frustrated. We will leave here together."

"What! Give up the estate that is your own by right of nature, if not of law—that was your father's and his forefathers' for generations?"

"Yes," cried Marah. "Give up all—all! and elsewhere in some secluded by-way of the world we will, please Heaven, regain by honest work of some kind or another the peace of mind, the self-respect that never have been mine since the mad moment when I drifted into this wretched fraud!"

Nurse Sylvain was about to utter a frantic protest, when the door opened, and Mr. Gibson was ushered into the library, blandly impassive as ever. He glared at Nurse Sylvain with some surprise.

"I was under the impression you intended to grant me an interview alone, Miss — Jerningham," he said significantly.

"You were mistaken," said Marah. "This lady will remain while you are here. Please state your errand as shortly as possible."

Gibson shrugged his shoulders. "Does this lady quite understand," he asked, "that my business here is with reference to something else than—repairs?"

"She quite understands," said Marah promptly, "that your business here is—blackmail!"

Mr. Gibson, for all his imperturbability, visibly winced. Then recovering, replied defiantly, and revealing a glimpse of the other side of his nature—"How interesting! And is she also aware that your business here is fraud—trespass—unlawful possession, and that I have only to proclaim that you are not Diana Jerningham, but Marah Delahay, for you to be hauled off to the police-station, and in due time to a female convict-prison for a substantial term?"

As he spoke he noted the sudden pallor and quiver of the ordinarily placid face under the prim St. Deniol's cap.

"Come, be reasonable!" he went on. "I'd rather peace than war, because, bad lot as I am, I've got a soft vein running through my nature, the rest of which is hard as nails. You were merciful to me once, not so merciful as the poor girl who went down in the wreck, and whose place and name you are usurping. You showed a bit of the tartar then, but you gave me food and drink. Pay me my price and let me go, and I'll make the price as reasonable as I can."

"What is your price?"

"Well, it's bound to be a substantial one. You see, you've scooped such a big pool that you can't expect a man whose word would upset your apple-cart to hold his tongue for nothing. Look here. Suppose you give me a few hundreds down, that'll keep me quiet anyway for the present, and then we can talk over future terms later."

"A charming proposition," said Marah; "in other words, by yielding to blackmailing pressure now I virtually admit your story, leaving myself at your mercy to be blackmailed again and again from time to time. Now let me tell you my answer. I refuse, and I challenge you to do your worst."

(*To be continued.*)

A PRETTY PROCESSION OF CHILDREN AT SOUTHWARK.

THE PROCESSION OF THE "CHILDREN OF MARY" ATTACHED TO ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

Photo. Illustrations Bureau, Setting by P.I.P. Artist.

A model of Mr. Brennan's marvellous invention actually running on a cable. Inset is a gyroscope top, which illustrates the principle on which the train is balanced.

THE BRENNAN MONO-RAILWAY.

THE characteristic feature of this system of transport is that each vehicle is capable of maintaining its balance upon an ordinary rail laid upon sleepers on the ground, whether it is standing still, or moving in either direction at any rate of speed, notwithstanding that the centre of gravity is several feet above the rail, and that wind pressure, shifting of load, centrifugal action, or any combination of these forces may tend to upset it.

Automatic stability mechanism of extreme simplicity, carried by the vehicle itself, endows it with this power. The mechanism consists essentially of two fly-wheels rotated directly by electric motors in opposite directions at a very high velocity, and mounted so that their gyrostatic action and stored-up energy can be utilised. These fly-wheels are mounted on high-class bearings, and are placed in exhausted cases, so that both air and journal friction are reduced to a minimum, and consequently the power required to keep them in rapid motion is very small.

The stored-up energy in the fly-wheels, when revolving at full speed, is so great and the friction so small that if the driving current is cut off altogether, they will run at sufficient velocity to impart stability to the vehicle for several hours, while it will take from two to three days before they come to rest.

The stability mechanism occupies but little space, and is conveniently placed in the cab at one end of the vehicle. Its weight is also small, about 5 per cent. of the total load being considered an ample allowance for the first vehicle.

The road wheels are placed in a single row beneath the centre of the vehicles, instead of in two rows near the sides, as usual, and are carried on bogies or compound bogies which are not only pivoted to provide for horizontal curves on the track, but for vertical ones also. By this means the vehicles can run upon curves of even less radius than the length of the vehicle itself, or on crooked rails or rails laid over uneven ground without danger of derailment.

In order that the vehicle may be able to ascend steep inclines, the wheels are all power-driven, and change-gears are provided for use in hilly country. It is also possible to run free-wheel downhill at great velocity, so that a good average rate of speed can be attained.

Everything points to great economy resulting from making the vehicles wider in proportion to their length than on ordinary railways, and it has therefore been decided to make the experimental wagon twelve feet wide, or one-and-a-half times as wide as usual. For civil work in the Colonies the vehicles will probably be two or three times as wide, if not more.

Flying lines of railway can be laid with great rapidity over uneven ground with slight expenditure of labour, specially designed building vehicles, also on the mono-rail principle, equipped with electric gear for handling the rails being kept at the rail-head for the purpose. It is confidently anticipated that working in this manner it will be possible to keep up with an army on the march, and supply them with all their requirements.

Bridges are of the simplest possible construction, a single wire hawser stretched across a ravine or river being all that is necessary for temporary work. These hawsers can be built up on the spot from separate wire rope strands, so that the transportation of them becomes an easy matter. Strange to say, the lateral swaying of the hawser does not disturb the balance of the vehicles, and the strongest winds will fail to blow them off. In other cases of bridge-building a single row of piles with a rail on top suffices, or a single girder carrying the rail may be conveniently used.

The expenditure of fuel is considerably smaller than on ordinary lines, owing to the absence of flange friction on curves and to the vehicles running without oscillation or jolting.

The speed can be from twice to thrice that of ordinary railways, owing to the smoothness of running of the vehicles and to the total absence of lateral oscillation.

ADVANTAGES

High Speed. — Almost incredible speeds are expected to be attained on high-class lines laid on this system, owing to the total absence of lateral oscillation, caused on ordinary lines by the impossibility of laying two rails exactly level and parallel with each other. From twice to thrice ordinary railway speeds are to be expected.

Capability of Vehicles taking Curves.—The fact that the vehicles lean inwards to the correct angle when taking curves secures them from derailment at the highest speeds.

Large Carrying-capacity of Vehicles.—It is certain that for "high-class" transcontinental lines the vehicles will be very large—so large, indeed, that they will more resemble ships on shore or travelling hotels than vehicles as we know them now.

Perfect comfort in travelling owing to there being no oscillation.

Saving of material required for construction of line in the way of rails, bridges, sleepers, etc.

Small First Cost, and Cost of Maintenance.—This is obvious, as only one rail is required and the sleepers need be only half the length.

Safety.—Travelling will be much safer owing to the absence of danger of derailment at high speeds.

FAREWELL TO THE COLONIAL PREMIERS.

After a visit full of both business and pleasure, General Botha and his party have started on their homeward journey. Our former opponent in the field of battle will have cause to remember the reception given him by the people of this country, and also the send-off accorded his party at the station.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper.

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The How of Money-Making.

A FASCINATING BOOK TO READ

Within the last few weeks there has been an almost overwhelming demand for a remarkable book—a book dealing concisely, but with a masterly completeness, with a subject of absorbing interest — a book that reveals to "the man in the street" the wide possibilities of money-making as they have never been revealed before. It tears aside the curtain which, to the average man and woman, hangs so closely around the whole question. It enlightens, informs, where hitherto was misconception, or, perhaps, ignorance—in a word, it places the desirability of the savings banks' three per cent. in a different light from what some of us have grown to regard it.

There are, it tells us, greener fields and newer pastures for such of us as have spare capital. Moreover, it points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie. "The Scientific Increase of Income" is the title chosen by the authors—men versed from A to Z in the matters of which they speak.

"The Scientific Increase of Income" is not a book for the library-shelf nor the bookcase, it is a book to be read—and read again—paragraph by paragraph, line by line, a book to be digested, a book whose information is not only intensely interesting, but reliable. For every heedful, vigilant man or woman, it is one of the few books essential. To have missed reading its thrilling, fascinating pages is to have missed part of one's education; to have read those pages may be to have opened the flood-gates of fortune. When it is possible to obtain ten, twenty or even thirty per cent. on one's surplus funds, it is only natural that the public—lacking special knowledge—wants to hear about it. In "The Scientific Increase of Income" the whole matter is fully explained.

The public, it would seem, is also desirous of knowing about it quickly. Fifty thousand copies of the book have already been issued, and the machines are now running at top speed producing another edition.

If "The Scientific Increase of Income" had been high in price, we could well have understood such a demand, considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted; but for the present, at all events, the book is sent *free* to all inquirers.

No one can read the book without benefit, and the possibilities it opens up so incisively and so unmistakably are immeasurable.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies; but to miss such an opportunity to-day for the sake of a postcard would be indeed unwise.

Writing to-day may secure you a copy of "The Scientific Increase of Income" by return post. It will be sent you absolutely free of all cost, and you may keep it. Address: Messrs. Arnold & Butler (Room No. 943), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

DOWAGER EMPRESS'S KINDNESS.

WHILE the Dowager Empress was driving in St. Petersburg a few days ago a child was knocked down by her carriage. Her Imperial Majesty, ordering her coachman to stop, alighted, and picked up the child.

She gave instructions that every attention should be paid to the child, who was taken to the hospital, where it was ascertained that no injuries had been sustained.

THE EXODUS OF 900,000.

IT is fully expected that by midnight of Saturday 900,000 passengers will have left London. The various companies have made arrangements for opening booking offices beforehand, in the hope of lessening the crowds.

To give one instance, day by day upwards of a thousand letters, postcards, telegrams, and telephone messages are being received at King's Cross asking for information and booking seats.

Over five hundred guards will be on duty at the end of the week on the Midland Railway system. The bookings are from St. Pancras and suburban stations, including Woolwich and Greenwich, to upward of five hundred places in the Midland Counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, North of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway on Friday and Saturday will run all their Continental boat-trains from Charing Cross and Victoria in triplicate. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have made complete arrangements to convey passengers from Victoria quickly and cheaply to the Surrey hills.

At Waterloo (L. and S.W. Railway) a large staff of clerks are still sending out programmes giving particulars of excursion trains to the seaside, the sunny south coast, North Devon, and Cornwall, and the other holiday haunts on their lines. Owing to the great demand for particulars, it is expected that this Whitsun will be a record one for travellers.

May the elements be propitious!

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

THE County Championship is now practically in full swing, and it is evident thus early that the leaders of last season will play an equally prominent part this. Kent, who secured chief honours in 1906, will have practically the same side that carried them to the top of the tree last year. They are a team of youngsters, every one of whom has plenty of good cricket in him. It was very much in evidence last season, and judging by the matches so far decided it appears that none of the talent has "evaporated" during the winter.

Last week-end they were pitted against a very strong eleven at Lord's, representing the premier club, and beat their Marylebone rivals by 93 runs—a much greater victory than would appear from mere figures. There was nothing out of the common in the batting of either side, but the bowlers had a good time, and in the first innings of the Club Blythe secured six wickets for 47 runs, while Fielder accounted for seven for 67 at the second attempt. Kent's second innings was noteworthy for the bowling of the South African, S. J. Snooke, who dismissed five of the champion's batsmen for 45 runs, all clean bowled.

Warwickshire came very near to surprising Sussex in their match at Birmingham last week-end. At one time it appeared likely that the southern county would gain a very easy victory, for on the last day, with all their wickets in hand, they only required 71 runs to win. However, thanks to some excellent bowling and fielding by the Midland shire, they lost six wickets before the winning hit was made.

Yorkshire are doing well, and I note with pleasure that Wilfrid Rhodes has regained his bowling form. It is not a little singular that when a man achieves any noteworthy success in one particular branch of the game he falls away in another direction. Last season the famous Yorkshireman was in fine form with the bat, and he signally failed to keep up his bowling average. This season it is the other way about, for his batting has shown a falling off. But this may be only a temporary lapse.

Yorkshire were opposed to Somerset at Taunton at the back-end of last week. John Tunnicliffe, who, prior to Lord Hawke taking charge, acted as captain of the county of broad acres, played quite the best cricket of the match, his two efforts realising 66 and 26 (not out), In the bowling department Rhodes took twelve wickets for 130 runs, and George Hirst six for 45.

Some centuries have been recorded, and it will surprise nobody that Tom Hayward was responsible for one of them. Against Essex at the Oval he compiled 161, and it was one of his best. Surrey made the big score of 411, and nearly every man on the side made runs. Essex did poorly in both their innings, their efforts only realising 124 and 125, so that they were beaten by an innings and 162 runs.

Kent opened this week with a match against Northamptonshire at Catford Bridge, and the first day's play went altogether in favour of the champions. Thanks to a fine innings of ninety-nine by Woolley, and some good bowling by Fielder, the champions finished Monday's play with a big advantage. The fast bowler met with remarkable success, his eight wickets being gained at the small cost of forty-two runs.

Surrey also opened the week well, and Hayward gave further evidence of his quality by scoring a great innings of 90. Hobbs also batted well, and contributed a patient 51. The Oval team are starting splendidly, and it is evident that the struggle for chief honours will be very keen. Lancashire is another county that will have to be reckoned with, and at this juncture he would be a bold man who would attempt to forecast the winners of the championship.

Cambridge would appear to have a powerful side this spring. They made an excellent start against Lancashire—difficult opponents at any time—their captain, M. W. Payne, compiling 129 in brilliant style. Seeing that he was the only "Blue" playing on the side, it was a splendid performance for the Light Blues to total 366 off the County Palatine bowling.

BILLIARDS.

Interest in billiards has been kept alive by speculation on the fate of the "anchor-cradle" stroke, and it is satisfactory to note that at last the Committee of the Association have taken a definite course and decided to recommend to the general meeting that the notorious stroke be dealt with. Other important matters will be brought before the members at what promises to be a lively meeting.

The last of the season's matches were brought to an end on Saturday, when Weiss defeated Harverson by 224, the final scores being—Weiss, 14,000; Harverson, 13,776. Dawson easily overcame Osborne, the ex-champion reaching 9000 to Osborne's 6566. As the latter was in receipt of 3000, it may readily be seen how utterly he was outclassed.

TENNIS.

Peter Latham has regained the tennis championship from C. ("Punch") Fairs, who was beaten at Brighton by 7 sets to 3, with scores of 6—5, 6—3, 3—6, 6—5, 6—3, 5—6, 1—6, 6—2, and 6—5. Latham played grandly nearly all through the long match, and it is evident that he has nearly, if not quite, recovered that wonderful form which previously had placed him far in front of all tennis-players. A match was afterwards arranged in which Mr. Eustace Miles and Fairs opposed Mr. Jay Gould (who wrested the amateur championship from Mr. Miles) and Latham. Singularly enough, the champions were beaten by the ex-champions, victory going to Miles and Fairs by 3 sets to 2, with scores of 6—2, 6—5, 1—6, 2—6, 9—7.

LACROSSE.

If the Capitals team keep up their form it is quite likely that they will return to Canada with an "unbeaten certificate." They simply swamped Cheshire last Saturday, the Englishmen losing by seventeen goals to two; and an even more meritorious victory was that gained by the Canadians on Monday, when a North of England side suffered defeat by fifteen goals to one. Lacrosse is gaining in popularity, and there were over three thousand people to see Monday's game at Bradford.

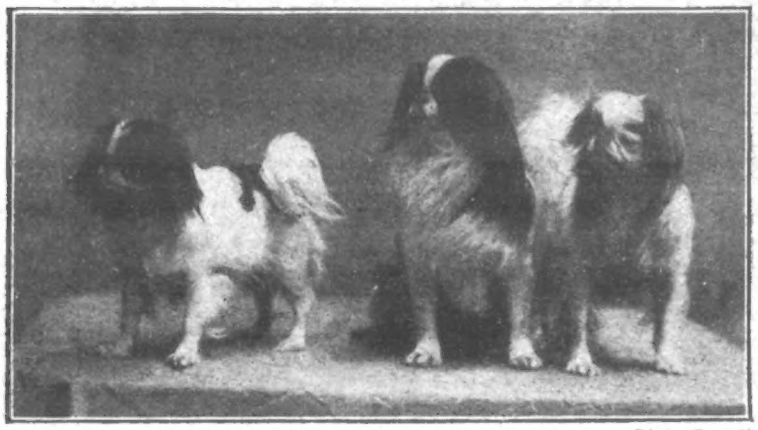


Photo. Russell.

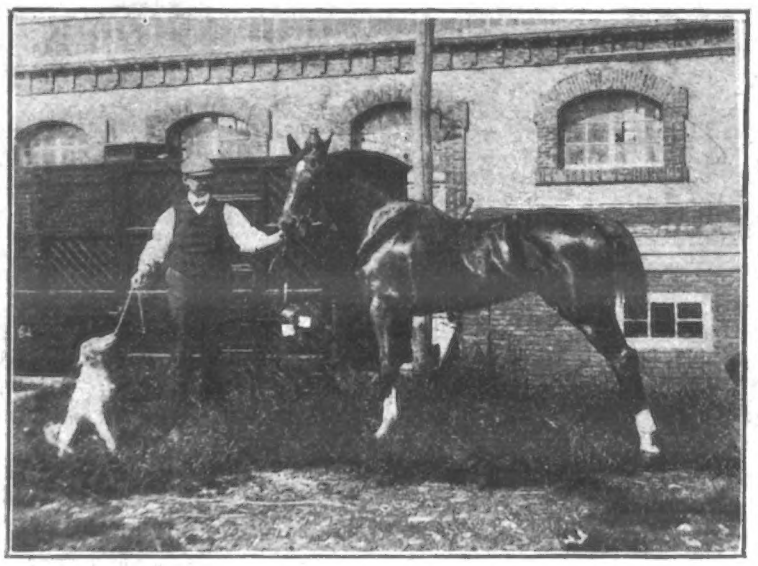
THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

Mrs. Kingdon's fine Japanese Spaniels.

Photo. Baker and Muggeridge.

ANOTHER RECORD-BREAKER.

F. B. Thompson completing the second portion of his record performance at Stamford Bridge. Walking 7 miles in 56 minutes 2 seconds, he then ran ten miles in 60 minutes 31 seconds.



KING EDWARD'S PRESENTS TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The splendid horse and dog presented to Queen Victoria of Spain on her marriage to King Alfonso.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING

At the last meeting of the General Committee of the National Cyclists' Union, an offer by the London Centre to run off the twenty-five miles' championship on Sept. 7 was accepted, this completing the arrangements of the Championship Committee for 1907. The Secretary reported that he had written to the editor of a weekly newspaper on the subject of road-racing. The following is an extract of the reply: "In the light of your letter, which I accept in the sporting spirit in which it is tendered, I have reviewed the entire situation, and I have decided to withdraw the competition as it originally stood, and to substitute for it another, which I feel certain, granting that it is possible to make the necessary arrangements, will meet with your entire approval." One can only express gratification that road-racing finds no favour with the N.C.U.

The Edmonton Sports have for many years ranked amongst the best of the season. The weather was splendid, and the managers' famous cricket club can congratulate themselves on another big success. The great performance of the day was that of H. Sutton Harmer, the 100 yards and quarter-mile champion of Essex County, who represented the Southend United F.C. He was almost left at the post in the mile relay race, but he moved splendidly, and his side won. S. W. Lloyd also ran well, and his performance of winning the "sprint" from the ten yards' mark in the fast time of 9 4-5 sec. is remarkable. He will probably be well taken care of in the future.

At the Bristol Post Office sports an attempt was made by A. T. Yeoumans, the Swansea walker, to beat the mile-and-a-half record, made in 1897 by W. J. Sturgess. The latter's time was 10 min. 8 1-5 sec.; but the Welshman never looked like approaching the figures, as

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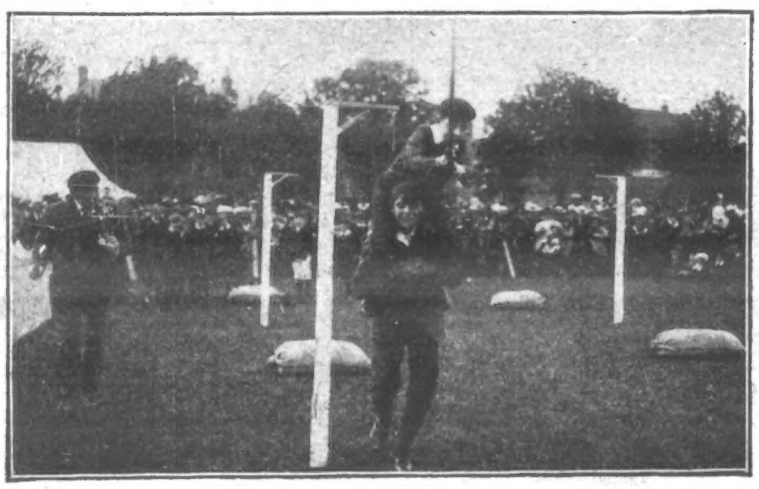

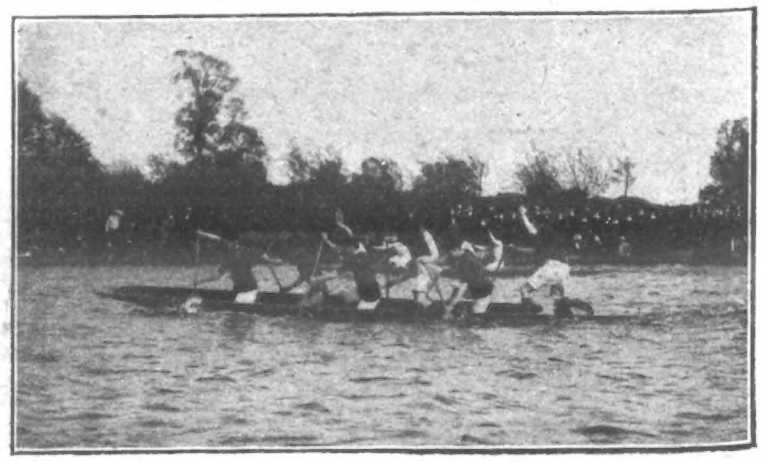

OLD ENGLISH GAMES AND SPORTS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

1. Tilting at the Ring. 2. A Dongola Race.

[Photo. by Baker & Muggeridge.

MR. HALL WALKER'S POLAR STAR WINNING THE KEMPTON PARK JUBILEE (HIGGS UP).

he was outdistanced by E. M. Taylor, a Bristol athlete who had the liberal allowance of 315 yards, his time being 10 min. 12 sec.

The Malden Harriers held an inter-club walk over a nine and a-half miles course in the vicinity of their head-quarters. The Polytechnic Harriers scored an easy win, J. Butler passing the judges first in the good time of 1 hr. 13 min. 33 sec. The Herne Hill Harriers and the Surrey Walking Club

S. A. CRICKETERS:

S. J. Snooke, who is said to be one of the finest all-round players in the South African Team.

dead-heated for second place. Others who competed were Finchley Harriers, Malden Harriers, and Tooting A.C.

There was a big gathering at the London County Grounds at Herne Hill to witness the racing festival jointly organised by the Polytechnic, Putney, and Paddington Cycling Clubs. In the "Alexander Clark" Cup, the holder, W. A. Edmonds, did not start, and the event was won by W. Lower, of the Putney and Balham Clubs. The Inter-Metropolitan Training College Sports at Stamford Bridge, resulted in St. Mark's College regaining the challenge shield, the gift of Dr. Airy.

SPORT ITEMS.

It has been decided to set apart the game between Middlesex and Essex at Lord's on June 10, 11, and 12, as a testimonial match to Mr. J. A. Murdoch, the assistant secretary of the M.C.C. and Middlesex. The M.C.C. have headed the subscription list with a donation of £500. Mr. Murdoch has for some time past been in ill-health.

Tom Hynds, who did such good work for Woolwich Arsenal during the period he was with that club, has been transferred to Leeds City. The Second Division team will be greatly strengthened by this latest recruit, who as an attacking half-back, has few if any superiors in the country.

Alfred Shrubb, the world's champion runner, who has arrived in New York, hopes to race with Longboat, an Onondaga Indian, if Longboat is declared a professional for accepting money given him by the Toronto City Council for winning the Marathon race.

The annual general meeting of the Southern Suburban League will be held on June 3. The new secretary is Mr. R. R. Crump, 72, Beauval-road, East Dulwich. Senior and junior clubs desirous of competing next season should send at once for application forms, which must be returned by May 25. Grounds must be within ten miles of the Crystal Palace.

"PRINTERS' PIE."

"PRINTERS' PIE" has now become a hardy annual. Founded four years ago by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, with the assistance of Mr. Arthur Croxton, the editor of the *Tatler*, "Printers' Pie" is issued to benefit the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation. The first issue of "Printers' Pie" was published at 2s. 6d., and 10,000 copies were sold. In 1904 the annual was published at 1s., when 25,000 copies were disposed of. In 1905 the entire edition of 40,000 copies at 1s. was sold out within a fortnight of publication, whilst in 1906 50,000 copies were sold out in two days. This year Mr. Spottiswoode is printing 100,000 copies

S. A. CRICKETERS:

P. W. Sherwell, who comes to England with a great reputation as a wicket-keeper.

The issue just published contains contributions from Katharine Tynan, G. R. Sims, Adrian Ross, W. Pett Ridge, Frank Richardson, William Le Queux, T. Mostyn Pigott, Barry Pain, Lord Montagu, H. W. Lucy, E. V. Lucas, Cosmo Hamilton, C. L. Graves, Tom Gallon, Athol Forbes, H. Hamilton Fyfe, Austin Dobson, Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis, Gerald Campbell, D. C. Calthrop, G. B. Burgin, J. M. Bulloch, the Duke of Argyll, K.T., F. Anstey, and W. L. Alden.

A great feature this year is that all the illustrations are printed in colours. They will include drawings by John Hassall, Lawson Wood, Charles Folkard, F. H. Townsend, Starr Wood, Tom Browne, Savile Lumley, H. M. Bateman, Charles Crombie, Dudley Buxton, Charles Pears, G. D. Armour, Cecil Aldin, H. M. Brock, Will Owen, David Wilson, Lewis Baumer, George Belcher, E. T. Reed, Gunning King, and Fred Pegram

AT THE ALHAMBRA.

BY virtue of several important privileges which he has fortunately obtained, Mr. Charles Urban, with a large staff of assistants cinematographed the whole of the impressive Naval demonstration given at Portsmouth before the Colonial Premiers and members of both Houses of Parliament, and the complete series of animated scenes, including the "rushing" of Whale Island by a naval brigade, the manœuvres of the submarines, the torpedo attack on the *Dreadnought*, and the inspection of that mighty battle-ship by our visitors, is embodied in the "Urbanora" programme at the Alhambra. On the same evening the customary contrast is supplied by two striking new records, respectively illustrating the deep pathos of canine devotion and the extraordinary escapades of a short-sighted cyclist—the latter being positively the most side-splitting film that has ever been put before the public; its fun is alike spontaneous and irresistible.

SERIOUS EXPLOSION.

THE Wellington public-house, Strand, was the scene of a terrific gas explosion last Tuesday.

A boy named Frank Marshall had occasion to go to the coal-cellar, where there was a considerable leakage of gas. While he was groping in the dark, Harry Perry, a barman, came up with a light and opened the door of the coal-cellar.

A loud report was heard, and it was found that Marshall had received serious injuries, while Perry and another man, John MacMahon, standing outside the cellar-door, also sustained severe burns.

They were immediately taken to the King's Hospital in a cab.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

WE are always glad to know of the doings of *P.I.P.* readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all *P.I.P.* cricketers the following offer:—

We will publish week by week the results of matches played by clubs of which any of our readers are members, free of charge. All we require is that the information—full names and scores—reach us on the Monday after the Saturday on which the games have been played.

Hurry up, "Pippers," and do not lose this opportunity of having your sporting achievements chronicled.

HIS LIFE FOR HIS CHILD'S.

THE Nancy correspondent of the *Petite République* states that a rich English landowner named Francis Scheverdt, while motoring through Laneuville on Monday, en route for Baden-Baden, came upon some children playing in the road.

He sounded his horn without effect, and the father of one of the children, believing his son to be in danger, threw himself in front of the car, which ran over the unfortunate man, inflicting terrible injuries.

Scheverdt gave a liberal sum to the family of the dying man, for whom he did everything possible.

S. A. CRICKETERS:

J. J. Kotze, the lightning bowler who is expected to account for a good many wickets.

BASEBALL IN ENGLAND: FULHAM v. ERITH.

Hopkins of Fulham arrives safely at the first base.

BASEBALL IN ENGLAND: FULHAM v. ERITH.

Baverstock slides to his base only just in time.

Long Live

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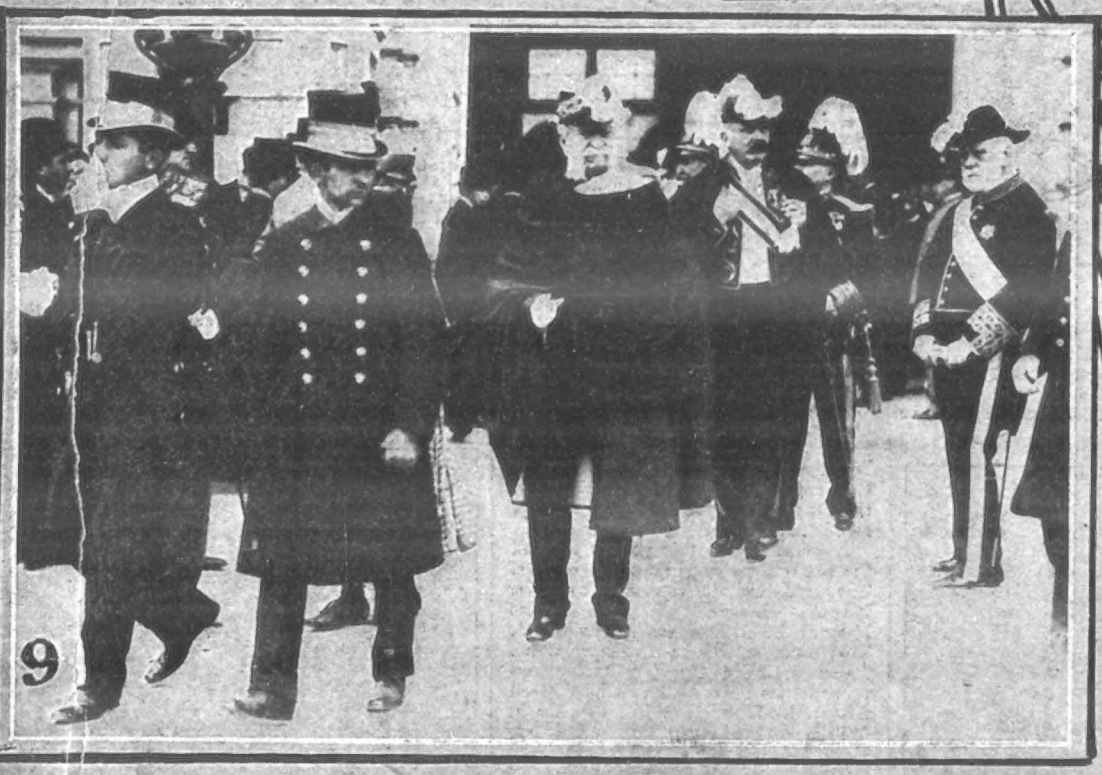
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The heir to the

1. The State Cradle. 2. The Hoisting of the Signal Announcing the Birth. 3. The Nursery 4. Queen Ena Driving in Madrid Last Week. 5 The Archbis
to the Prince. 8. The Bell that Tolled the Birth. 9. Officials leaving the Palace after the Presentation. 10. The Crowd Rejoicing at

THE PRINCE

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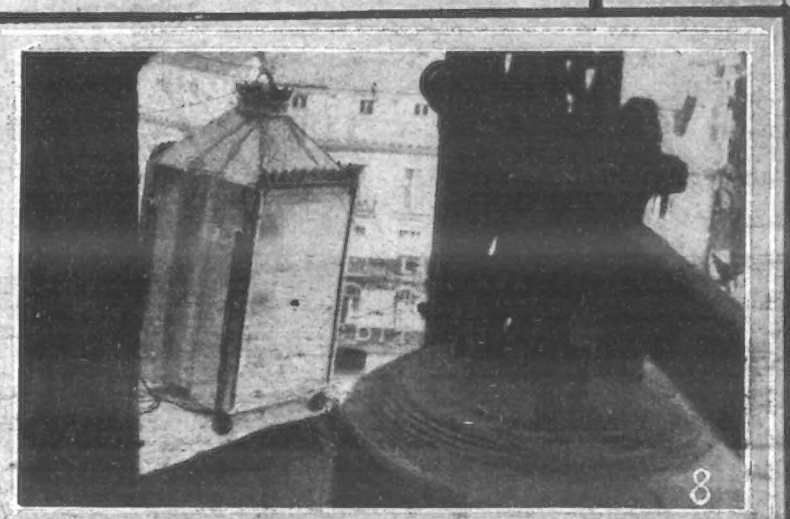
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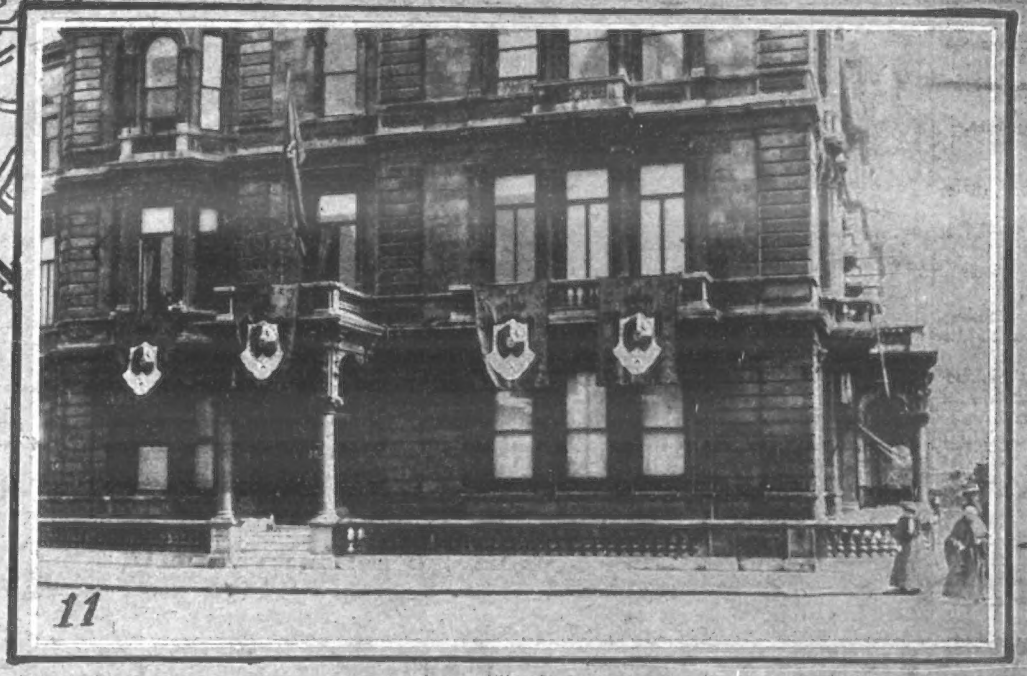
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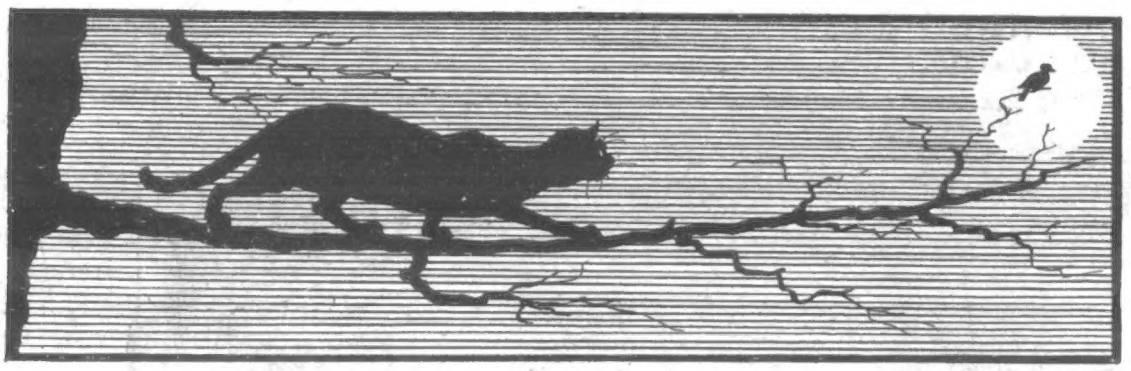
throne of Spain.

Week. 5 The Archbishop of Toledo, who is to perform the Christening 6 Dr Gutierrez. 7 The Casket containing 1000 doubloons presented by the Province of Asturias The Crowd Rejoicing at the Birth of a Prince. 11. The Decorations at the Spanish Embassy in London.—*Photos. Illustrations Bureau, Halftones, Nops, and Topical.*



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

His Usual Luck.

The prisoner en route for the police-court became quite confidential with his guardian, and remarked in a contrite manner—

"There is one thing I am very sorry for."

"What is that?" said the officer, expecting to hear a confession.

"I had my hair cut last night," said the prisoner in a dejected tone. "I might have saved that threepence. It 's just my luck."

Probably Catching.

A young matron, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what 's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse.

"He 's mad, mum," explained nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to the Simmonses' acrost the strate."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Norah?"

"Because, mum, they 're havin' charades, so he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he 'd had thim or not."—*London Opinion.*

The Reason.

Mistress: "How is it, Sarah, that whenever I come into the kitchen I find you gossiping with the baker or the butcher?"

Maid: "Well, ma'am, if you really ask for the truth, I should say as it was them nasty soft-soled shoes you come creeping about in."

The Same Old Way.

He criticised her puddings, and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she 'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed; his wife would be so, too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! she was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old narrative all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

—*The Penny Magazine.*

Not Lost.

Lady: "Have you lost yourself, little boy?"

Little Boy: "No—boo-hoo!—I 've found a street I don't know."

Satisfactorily Explained.

At a certain country race-meeting there is always an event open to all comers.

On one occasion, the sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line. The patience of this official was nearly exhausted.

"Bring up that horse!" he shouted; "bring him up! You 'll get into trouble pretty soon, if you don't!"

The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Irishman, yelled back desperately—

"I can't help it! This here 's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till the door shuts, and I ain't got no door!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

In Return.

A noted philanthropist, while not by any means a good player, was rather fond of a quiet game of golf. As he was playing on one occasion he noticed the ragged condition of his caddie. Touched by the lad's poverty, he gave him some money to get food with, and promised him a suit of old clothes. Later, hearing about a dependent mother, he dispatched to her a load of coals and some food. The boy was very grateful indeed for all this kindness, and he tried to say something befitting the occasion.

"Please, Sir—" he began, and then he stopped.

"Oh, that 's all right, my boy," said the benefactor cheerily; "say nothing; be a good boy, that 's all."

Then the caddie could no longer restrain himself. The kindly thought which lay at the bottom of his heart broke through.

"Please, Sir," he said, "I 'm sorry you 're such a bad player!"—*Chums.*

She Took the Credit.

A little granddaughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones quarrelled with her baby brother, and bit, scratched, and pinched him. Her horrified nurse said reproachfully.

"The devil must have put it into your heart to do such things."

"Perhaps the devil did put it into my heart to bite," said the child; "but I thought of the scratching and pinching."—*Penny Magazine.*

Hardly Necessary.

A youth from the Highlands went to stay with some friends in Edinburgh, and on going out for the first time after dark was very much taken up with the lighted street-lamps.

But on seeing the moon he seemed puzzled, and exclaimed—

"Oh, hae ye the moon here tae?"

"Yes," replied his companion. "Did you think the moon shines only in your country?"

"I thocht ye widna hae needed it, wi' a' the lamps," was the quick reply.

One of the Sights.

Dr. X., a fashionable London physician, married an exceedingly plain elderly bride; indeed, her unfortunate appearance excited comment wherever she went.

A lady patient, bent upon being polite, was apologising to Dr. X. for not having called upon the lady for some time.

"I am expecting my sister to stay with me," she said, "so put off coming to see your wife till she came. You know, she comes from the North every year, and we see all the sights of London together; and"—impressively—"the very first thing we have arranged to do when she arrives is to call upon Mrs. X.!"—*The Penny Magazine.*

OUR SUB-EDITOR AT THE MANŒUVRES.

THE SMALL BOY (to the hope of "P.I.P." and country, who is experiencing difficulty in keeping up with his company). "Stick to it, Colonel! It 's down 'ill soon—then you can roll!"

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

An Empire Day Concert.

EMPIRE DAY will bring together, at a concert to be given in Queen's Hall on the afternoon of May 24, artistes representing the component parts of the Empire. For the joint funds of the Victoria League and Empire Education, Dr. Charles Harriss has been instrumental in enlisting for this occasion, the gratuitous services of Miss Amy Castles (Australia), Miss Perceval Allan (England), Miss Ada Forrest (South Africa), Miss Esta d'Argo (Australia), Madame Ada Crossley (Australia), Madame Alice Gomez (India), Miss Edith Miller (Canada), Mr. Ben Davies (Wales), Mr. John McCormack (Ireland), Mr. Lloyd Chandos (England), Mr. Dalton Baker (England), Mr. Campbell McInnes (Scotland), Mr. Albert Archdeacon (England), Miss Audrey Richardson (New Zealand), Mr. Spencer Dyke (Canada), Mr. W. H. Squire (England), Mr. Percy Grainger (Australia), Mr. Stanley Hawley (England), Mr. Landon Ronald (England), Dr. Charles Harriss (Canada). Musical talent of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India united in Imperial Empire-making, for such strong patriotic causes as the Victoria League and Empire Education should find no lack of British sympathisers on the afternoon of Empire Day sufficiently enthusiastic to fill Queen's Hall to overflowing.

At the Alhambra.

On Monday evening last the Alhambra management introduced yet another charming chanteuse of considerable Continental renown to a London audience, in the person of Señorita Maria Vinent, who comes to our leading variety theatre with so brilliant and varied a répertoire that her performance should mark an epoch in the present season.

"The Broken Melody."

Commencing next Monday, the famous musician-actor, Mr. Auguste Van Biene, will appear at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham Junction, presenting his great success, "The Broken Melody," with which he has now been touring for some years.

Mr. Martin Harvey in London Again.

Mr. Martin Harvey will, by arrangement with Mr. Otho Stuart, open his season at the Adelphi Theatre on Monday, June 3. The season will be strictly limited to four weeks, and a different play from the répertoire will be presented each successive week. The first week will be devoted to "The Breed of the Treshams," the second to "Great Possessions," the third to "The Corsican Brothers," and the fourth to "The Only Way." "Great Possessions" is the title selected for the play by Karl Rossler, which has hitherto been called "The Rich Youth." Mr. Martin Harvey had hoped to open his season with this piece, but certain difficulties about the staging of it made this impossible. The scene of the play is placed in Palestine about the year A.D. 31, and the setting will be from the brush of W. Telbin. The costumes will be on a very complete scale, and have been chiefly reproduced from the drawings of Tissot, and Mr. Harvey has derived much assistance from several well-known artists, including Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., and has received valuable hints from Professor Margoliouth, of Oxford.

A Bright Entertainment.

Bright, amusing, and clean entertainment can always be found at the handsome and comfortable Empire Theatre, and the present programme is particularly rich in attractions. One of the freshest and neatest "turns" London has seen for years is provided by the Le Pages, in their sensational American jumping act. The Perezoffs, the Great Lumars, and that ever-popular comedy favourite, Miss Ada Reeve, are among notable contributors to a capital programme, of which the chief attraction is, and is likely to be for some time, the new ballet, "Sir Roger de Coverley." Superbly mounted, it is excellently done by a good cast, headed by that clever *comédienne* and matchless dancer, Mlle. Adeline Genée.

£5000 FIRE AT EDMONTON: MORE UNEMPLOYED.

Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

ONE OF THE PARTS WHICH SUFFERED MOST, AND WHICH IT WAS FOUND IMPOSSIBLE TO SAVE.

£5000 FIRE.

DAMAGE estimated at £5000 was caused by a fire which broke out at the factory of Messrs. Rigby and Co., packing-case manufacturers, on the banks of the River Lea, and by midnight a range of iron and timber buildings covering an area of 150 feet by 50 feet was involved from end to end. Fanned by a south-west wind, the fire extended to a range of buildings used as workshops, offices, and stores by Messrs. Staver and Staver, joinery importers, and half of this set of premises was destroyed.

The principal loss is not covered by insurance, and many hands will, it is feared, be thrown out of employment.

ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE ATTACK ON THE KASHMIR GATE.

MANY new features are introduced at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, which commenced on Thursday at Olympia. The principal feature is undoubtedly the attack on the Kashmir Gate, Delhi. This well-known incident of the Indian Mutiny, in which no less than three Victoria Crosses were gained, has always stood out as a striking example of British pluck and endurance, and is faithfully reproduced by the troops at Olympia.

The British troops who made this attack in 1857 are represented by non-commissioned officers and men drawn from the regiments which took part in the Mutiny, and the uniforms, firearms, and mode of attack are carefully followed. The spectacle of men standing up to ram the cartridges down the barrels of the old muzzle-loaders is one of the most interesting features of the attack. Upwards of 500 men, representing the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), 9th Lancers (Queen's Royals), Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, 8th Foot The King's (Liverpool Regiment), 52nd Foot 2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 60th Foot King's Royal Rifles, 61st Foot 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, 75th Foot Gordon Highlanders, 101st (Royal Bengal Fusiliers) Royal Munster Fusiliers, 104th (Bengal Fusiliers) 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers, take part in the attack.

The Royal Navy is well to the front, as previously, and, taken altogether, the 1907 Tournament at Olympia promises to eclipse every previous effort.

A FATAL BOATING MISHAP.

AN unfortunate boating accident occurred near London Bridge last Monday

Two young men were rowing in a small boat of the outrigger type on the eastern side of the bridge when they collided with a barge, and the little craft capsized.

Both men appeared to be good swimmers, and one succeeded in reaching the shore. The other, however, was carried away by the strong current, and drowned under the eyes of a large number of spectators

FIREMEN BUSY AT WORK PREVENTING THE FLAMES FROM SPREADING.

KAISER CONDUCTS AN OPERA.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is taking the keenest interest in the preparations for the production of Major Josef Lauff's dramatic poem "Gotberga," which is to be given at Wiesbaden

Timing his arrival at Wiesbaden for the commencement of the dress rehearsal of the piece, the Kaiser took his seat in the stalls, gave repeated directions to the actors and actresses, and was soon standing behind the footlights, suggesting alterations, and giving expression to his wishes in regard to the performance.

His Majesty, says the Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post*, overruled some objections of the author that the suggested improvements were impossible of being carried out.

The leading actors and actresses were introduced to him. He discussed with them the characters they were representing, and gave them hints

A PRINCE REFUSED A LANDING IN BRAZIL.

PRINCE LOUIS OF ORLEANS had many visitors on board the *Amazone* on its arrival at Rio de Janeiro last Sunday

The decks were crowded with people, speeches were made, and the Prince was repeatedly cheered Many bouquets of flowers were also sent on board. The Prince coolly received the official intimation that he would not be permitted to land, but strongly protested against the authorities' decision, declaring that he retained his Brazilian citizenship. His Royal Highness conferred at length with the leaders of the Monarchist party.

All day long excited crowds thronged the quay on which there was an imposing display of troops.

THE COASTGUARDSMAN.

THE Government, in cutting down expenses in the Navy, have threatened to extinguish the Coastguard Service; but that, we think, would be a very grave error. Just now the Coastguardsman is very much in the eyes of the public, because with the rocket apparatus and the breeches-buoy he, recently, brought off without a hitch the whole of the passengers and crew, 190 souls, from the wrecked liner the *Jebba*; and we shudder to think what would have happened had there been no such men with the rocket apparatus at hand.

This admirable service of men, who form an unbroken chain of patrols round our coasts, is drawn from the pick of the Navy, and in addition to their numerous duties on the shore form the first line of Naval Reserve. They are a tremendously hard-worked body of men. That admirable paper, *Punch*, once defined Coastguard stations as "castles of idleness, where able-bodied men spend their time looking through long glasses at imaginary smugglers." Near to the mark as this paper generally is, it was never farther from it when it said that. Idleness is not for the coastguard, and nowadays looking for smugglers is a very small part of his duty. He has to do that, of course, at the same time that he keeps up his connection with the Navy proper, to be ready at a moment's notice to go afloat in the event of war breaking out.

In his sole keeping is the working of the rocket apparatus for saving lives from vessels driven ashore, and in the event of there being an insufficiency of volunteers to man the life-boat, he goes. But the country is not always at war, and storms are not always raging round the coast. There are fine days sometimes, and the Coastguard has got his hands full even then. He has to go alongside all vessels anchoring off his station to get a few necessary details; he receives signals from passing ships; he looks after the buoys and beacons; he buries all animals drowned and washed ashore; he receives into his charge all property cast up by the sea; he sees to the protection of local fisheries; he drills the Naval Reservemen up for their annual training; he keeps his eye on any chances of illicit distilling started on the cliffs or in caves of our lonely shores; his is the enforcement of quarantine, and the wild birds of the coast are in his charge, for Cockney "sportsmen" will come and shoot gulls on Bank-holidays. In addition, he has to stand to be bothered with silly questions put by summer trippers.

So the Coastguard is veritably a handy man, and one whose place would be hard to fill were he done away with.

When the Coastguard Service was started, about 1830, the inhabitants of all coastwise towns were almost to a man engaged in the smuggling business, so the Coastguard couldn't get a lodging for love nor money, and small hulks had to be anchored ashore or room found for him in the martello towers; but to-day he is pretty comfortably looked after in his whitewashed house on the side of the cliff, and long may he be there to inhabit it, say we.

THE EMBRACE CORDIALE.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

One of our distinguished French visitors embracing the Mayor of Marylebone.

MR. HALDANE'S ARMY.

THE new scheme has come into being, and Mr. Haldane's expeditionary force of four cavalry brigades and six infantry divisions is no longer a thing of the future.

The most important change from the old order of things is that the organisation of the Army at home will conform to that of the Indian Army by having big divisions of three brigades each backed up by immense gun power—seventy-two guns in war to every 11,000 infantry. This will not affect India as their divisions are kept up to strength from home. In Great Britain the new divisions, headquartered at Aldershot (2), Bulford, Woolwich, Cork, and the Curragh, will be little more than paper divisio

The greater part of them will go to India, leaving for the home or expeditionary force all the recruits in such numbers as they offer themselves. It is feared that as recruiting is slow just now, the home force will either be full of boys or else be short.

The problem of maintaining the battalions and also the reserve may be gathered from the following numbers of effectives out of 800 establishment in each case, recently paraded at Aldershot

2nd South Wales Borderers ..	495
2nd Liverpool Regiment	432
1st North Staffordshire Regiment	394
1st Leinster Regiment	464
1st South Staffordshire Regiment	412
1st Welsh Regiment	376
1st Shropshire Light Infantry	371
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers ..	433
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	449

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

JACK KNOWS HIS FRIENDS: A SAILOR CONTRIBUTING TO THE FUNDS OF THE NATIONAL LIFEBOAT ASSOCIATION.

THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION: WARPED IRON AND MACHINERY LITTERING THE GROUND.

"POLICEMEN of the COAST" (THE COASTGUARD)

ORIGINAL COASTGUARD STATIONS

Few of the public realise how much these guardians of the coast have to do. The average man appears to think that their work consists of staring aimlessly over the sea from a little hut on a cliff. The above pictures and the article on the previous page give some idea of their many duties and dangers.

THE "P.I.P." GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

MAY 20 to 28.—The Bank Holiday on Monday will come to the rescue of many an amateur gardener who, through the lateness of the season and other causes, is backward with his work, and really it is by no means hopeless so far as time goes for the majority of crops. I was noticing in the window of Messrs. Carter, in High Holborn, to-day a statement—"All vegetables may be sown now for the succession crops," and it is certainly not too late for all ordinary growths, excepting, perhaps, shallots and broad beans. As for flowers, of course, the Whitsun holidays are as good as any time for sowing the seeds of most of the every-day varieties, both hardy and half-hardy. My own garden plans for the coming week are varied and numerous, and I spend quite a considerable time now hunting out insects and similar pests, and destroying weeds. If you allow either to get the better of you during May the outlook will be poor for complete mastery, especially if your garden is a large one. I have some hedge-clipping down on my list also, for privet and such shrubs cut wisely now thicken and break out at the bottom. I shall be planting out marrow plants, though, of course, they will need night protection; and speaking of this vegetable, I have tried growing the plants in raised beds and on the ground level, and I find the latter the more successful method. Digging out a deep pit, I lay in a foundation of rotted weeds and similar garden refuse, and then a good thickness of well-decayed manure, followed by the usual top soil. In the humid West of England the mound system is undoubtedly good, but not in most parts of the country. By the way, I am trying ornamental gourds again this year. Quaint things, these gourds; they are certainly interesting and effective, and I have a dozen plantlings in pots waiting a suitable opportunity to be bedded out. I shall also give my climbers some attention, nailing and fastening the runners up as required. Work like this is far better done at once than if saved up. Indeed, the success of amateur gardening depends largely upon doing the work from day to day as it appears.

My Garden Plans.

The vexed problem of keeping fowls in the limited space of a back garden in town is always cropping up. One person in a row of villas will make birds thrive and pay, whilst another under identical circumstances fails. The failure is invariably due to one or more of four factors, as follows: (1) Unsuitability of breed of fowls kept; (2) Insanitary conditions; (3) Bad feeding; and (4) Irregular attention. Without a doubt, fowls *can* be made successful in town gardens of small dimensions, but they must have warm, dry sleeping accommodation, and a clean, sweet run; further, they must on no account be overcrowded. Leghorns, Minorcas, and Orpingtons are undoubtedly the best breeds, and common-sense must be exercised in feeding, to give those foods which the bird in an open run can get for itself particularly. I refer specially to fresh green stuff, and even weeds and newly cut grass are acceptable to the bird in captivity. That neither too much nor too little food should be given will strike everyone, but the question of fresh, pure drinking-water does not always receive the attention it calls for. Then there is grit for the hens to be considered—broken oyster-shells are excellent for this purpose—and a dust-bath in the corner of the run is more a necessity than a luxury. Another thought: birds in captivity must never be allowed to mope, and house-scraps, cinders, sweepings, etc., should be thrown for them to pick over. Give them a perch in their run also, on which they may preen themselves in the sun or take an afternoon nap, and be sure to thoroughly dig over the run at least once a fortnight.

Fowls in Towns.

Photo. Halftones.

INVESTIGATION.

A charming study of country life in Canada.

Chief among the many worries of the amateur gardener is the cat pest, particularly in Suburbia, and everyone seems to have a pet remedy for the nuisance. Putting poison aside as being impolitic, if not cruel, the real remedy lies in a plentiful arrangement of wire netting and the stopping up of all holes. It is surprising what a small aperture the domestic feline can squeeze through, and in paling fences this trouble is painfully evident. For a long while I suffered the depredations of the cat tribe, but at last I have effectually solved the problem at a comparatively small outlay of time and trouble. First of all I stopped up all holes in the paling fence and made the garden gate cat-proof. Then with some wide-mesh wire-netting I made an edging all round the fence and at right-angles to it; the netting I supported on pieces of iron and wood, securing it with wire. To make myself plainer, I constructed a kind of shelf at the top of the fence with wire-netting. Obviously, this netting gives and presents no foothold, and it is certainly not a serious eyesore to the garden.

Cats in the Garden.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

JAMES DOUGLAS.—You will never regret the space you are devoting to the tall phlox your friend gave you. No winter will kill phlox, and there is a wide choice of colours. It is rather late now to get further plants, but you might try some local nurseryman.

"RUBY" (Newbury).—All nurserymen have dahlias ready for delivery now. I should advise you to try cactus, pompom, and single ones for a start, and leave the show varieties alone for a time. Half-a-crown to five shillings a dozen for good pot-plants.

JACK PRICE (Keynsham).—At eight weeks old your ducklings should weigh about three pounds, and ought to fetch a good figure. There is nothing more profitable than these early ducklings if you can find a market.

W. BUNGAY (Stratford-on-Avon).—Your ducklings, I should say, need more green vegetable food, without which they cannot be expected to remain healthy. Ducklings are hungry creatures, you must remember.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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BORWICK'S OVER 60 YEARS' REPUTATION

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. **BAKING POWDER.**

PRINCESS MARIE.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

FOR the schoolgirl's wear just now there are some charming navy-and-white striped tweeds, zephyrs, and galateas. These are neat, and yet present a smart appearance. They are generally made up into coats or boleros and skirts, bound with navy or narrow white braid, and worn over little blouses of lawn and embroidery, or, for smarter wear, of coloured cotton voile trimmed with ribbon. With these may be donned mushroom hats in the new saffron, Copenhagen blue, and green colours, simply trimmed with a wide bow of silk taffetas, or encircled by ribbon made into a ruche by a succession of loops. Hats of this style also look pretty trimmed with a wreath of field flowers interspersed with ears of corn, and tied at intervals with narrow velvet ribbon.

For the Awkward Age.

Tussore silk, dyed in numerous pretty shades, including the new blue and rose-pink, makes charming best frocks for little girls. All children can wear white, but some children look astonishingly picturesque in colours, and a pinafore style worn with bretelles of lace over a blouse or chemisette of net or embroidered lawn is certain to achieve a charming result in such cases. For a little girl of five or so I saw a fascinating pelisse or coat. The original model was in rose-colour cloth, the skirt made very full and gathered on to a short circular yoke in Empire fashion. Over the shoulders was worn a deep Van Dyck collar of lace in an écru shade, while the full puffed sleeves were finished off a little below the elbow with cuffs of the same. The coat was unlined, and the same pattern could be successfully carried out in coloured linen with collar of white embroidered lawn, and would, though very simple to make, be very effective for summer or holiday wear.

For the Tiny Folk.

Short feather collars are disputing the palm of fashion with feather boas and stoles. Some of them are very dressy indeed, made of short, flat ostrich feathers, similar in size and appearance to those usually associated with a large feather fan. These collars encircle the neck and shoulders, and are finished off with ribbon ends in various colours, black velvet achieving the most popular effect. Neck ruffles of black and coloured tulle and other dainty fabrics are also considered to give a last touch from Fashion's fingers to gowns of the moment. Ruches of white tulle are ornamented by numerous tiny silk knots in pale colours, dotted here and there amid the box-pleats.

Neck Ruffles.

The reputation of the smart woman depends less upon the style and number of her gowns than upon the wisdom of her accessories. Every season, Madame La Mode evolves some new little trifle which shall be, as it were, the hall-mark of the woman of fashion. Very often the price of such a trifle appears quite out of proportion to the little article itself; nevertheless, it will be found to well repay its purchase by the air of smartness it bestows. There is an intangible *chic* which cannot be gainsaid about the woman who wears the latest ruffle or waist-belt or necktie. Half-a-guinea may seem sheer extravagance for what is, after all, only a wisp of chiffon, a strip of leather, or a bit of lace, but there is more in it than that. Style has to be paid for, and is, moreover, a good investment. A really handsome belt at half-a-guinea will win more admiration for its wearer from men, and more respect for its purchaser from women, than the variety afforded by four or five cheap and flimsy ones. No woman will trouble to envy another woman a belt which she can see every day in the shop windows and buy for herself at 1s. 11½d.; but one which is of comparatively uncommon and expensive design will make an impression on her, and will cause her to regard her friend as essentially a woman of taste. One of Fashion's fads just now is embodied in the new French veils direct from Paris. A charming fine spot Chantilly veil, with hemstitched pleated chiffon border, may be purchased for 3s. 11½d. in several becoming shades. These veils look ravishing on a trimmed hat, and on a plain hat are almost sufficient trimming in themselves. A brown veil on a green hat, and a blue veil on a purple straw both make artistic combinations.

When to be Extravagant.

Glass butter-dishes and jam-jars often seem to be like pie-crust—made to be broken. The careful housewife, who likes to see her table daintily accoutred in spite of breakages, will therefore be pleased to hear of some attractive bargains in this respect. A very pretty globular shape jam-jar, with electro-plated top and spoon, costs only 1s. 11½d.; and the same design is equally suitable for marmalade or honey. A shell-shape electro-plated butter-dish, with a glass lining and rest for the butter-knife, complete with the knife, is remarkably handsome at 4s. 11½d., and the original price was, in fact, 8s. 6d. Reduced to 2s. 6½d. is a neat little butter-dish, a round glass shape, set in a small electro-plated round plate to correspond.

The Well-appointed Table.

Foulard silk is one of those materials which seem to enjoy a perennial popularity. This season there will be a new departure in the shape of some charming robes in cotton foulard, an ideal fabric for everyday wear, one which has all the appearance of silk at one third the price. Some pretty examples in navy and black, with white spots and figured designs, cost only 12s. 11d., with material for bodice. A pretty unmade robe of mercerised lawn, in a variety of light colours, daintily trimmed with lace, is obtainable at the same price. At 10s. 11d. there is a smart linen robe, with well-cut strapped skirt; and an extremely piquante little robe in Swiss muslin with a deep-flounced and tucked skirt. A zephyr robe, obtainable at 8s. 11d., in either checks or stripes, is really marvellous value. The skirt is trimmed with three graduated tucks, and the material for the bodice would show to advantage if made up on the same lines, with tucked blouse-front and sleeves.

Lovely Robes at Tempting Prices.

Mackerel is now in season, and will be at its best from now until July. A dish of baked and stuffed mackerel will be found very nice either for luncheon or dinner. The seasoning is made with four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, a little parsley, pepper, salt, and a little lemon-rind grated. Mix these ingredients together with a little milk. Split the mackerel, when cleaned, down the back, fill with the seasoning, and brush over with a little dripping before putting in the oven.

Savoury Mackerel.

Lemons are almost indispensable articles in every household, not only in the kitchen, where, of course, they are in constant request, but for use in the toilet, and as a medicine the value of lemons cannot be overestimated. Lemon-juice is good for rheumatism, besides being an excellent spring medicine if taken in a little cold water without sugar, and the dose persevered in for a few mornings. Those who suffer from biliousness might try this simple remedy, and are likely to find relief. To clean tarnished brass cut a lemon in half, and try the effect of rubbing the brass with it. For fenders and bedsteads this is excellent. Afterwards rinse in warm water and polish with a soft leather. A piece of lemon on the toilet-table will remove potato, fruit, or other stains from the fingers, and lemon-rind in the ewer of water, if used for washing the face, makes an excellent tonic for the complexion. Those who have greasy or sallow complexions should always use tepid water for the face, with a tiny bit of borax, take plenty of fruit and out-door exercise, while home-made lemonade as a beverage at meal-times will be found a great aid to the digestion and assist in cleaning the complexion. A piece of lemon-rind will be an invaluable aid in manicuring the finger-nails, more especially if these have suffered through performing housework or other domestic duties. The nails must be driven into the soft peel of the lemon for a few times, and will become thoroughly cleansed in the process.

Uses for Lemons.

No table can look inviting, however ample the food laid upon it, unless the napery is spotless and the silver shining. Stains may be removed from table-linen by first placing in boiling water, and rinsing out before washing with soap in the ordinary way. Egg stains, however, require to be previously treated with cold water, and in the same way cold water will cleanse egg-spoons much quicker than if they were plunged in hot water. All table silver is the better for being boiled occasionally in soapy water to which a little soda has been added. After a thorough boiling rinse the silver, dry with a clean soft cloth, and polish with a chamois leather innocent of powder. Much time and trouble is saved by this simple method, which dispenses altogether with the necessity of plate powder, and yet the silver will reappear bright and shining as new after the process.

The Care of the Table.

[Copyright.

A NEW PARIS HAT OF TUSCAN STRAW.

PRINCESS OLGA.

Mothers who contemplate buying new frocks for the wee ones cannot do better than invest in our old friend, blue serge. And that favourite style, pleated skirt and a pinafore or sailor blouse, cannot be surpassed for small girls of four to ten. Variety can always be obtained by having different collars and cuffs, or, if a pinafore bodice, by a change in blouse tops. These, if made in some of the new coloured linens—rose pink, blue, or soft green—wash well, and will always give a fresh and dainty appearance to the little costume. With it might be worn one of the quaint mushroom hats in rough straw, simply draped with a scarf of bright-hued silk the same shade as the collar or blouse.

For Children's Wear.

Smart little taffeta and satin coatees are being designed now for wear with skirts of striped voile, and very fascinating they are trimmed with strappings of voile and hand-embroidered buttons worked in Wedgwood and gold. In some cases the collar and cuffs are of embroidered linen in white, finished with Vandycked guipure. The coatee itself is cut on quaint, old-world lines, with a short basque, which is cut up into lappets and does not fit tightly to the figure. An extremely smart effect was gained by a coatee of bright-green satin, trimmed with black-and-white striped voile and a little gold braid and infinitesimal gold buttons. This was worn in conjunction with a grey-and-white striped voile skirt. Plain black glacé or a striped silk are among other materials used for the latest coatee; the former looks well with a striped or checked skirt; the latter, needless to say, is shown to best advantage with a skirt of plain material.

The Latest Coatee.

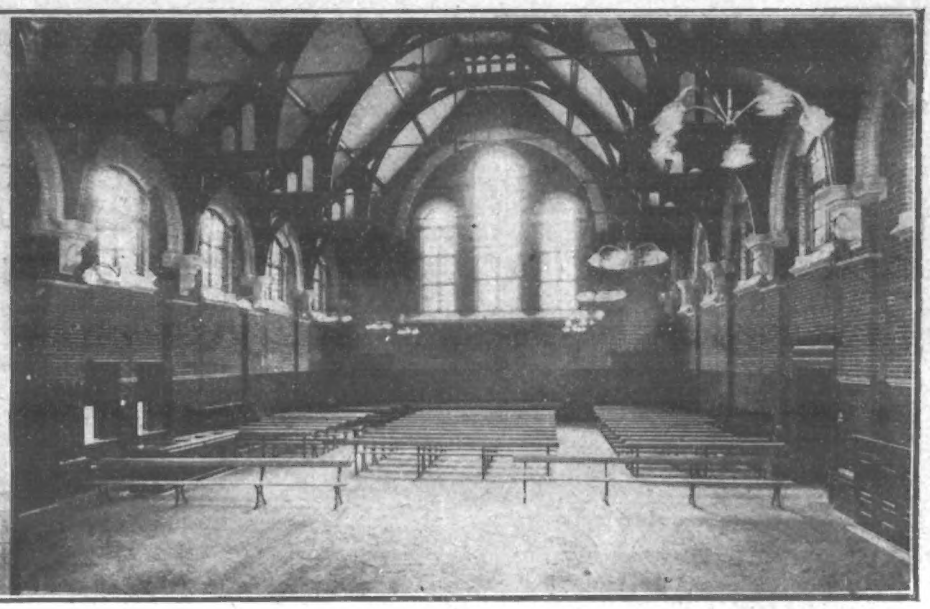
A PERFECT PLAGUE OF BLACK BEETLES.—Someone said "Use Keating's." We did. It killed the lot, and we swept them up by the shovelful in the morning. Keating's Powder is the unrivalled killer of Beetles, Moths, and Fleas. Harmless to animals. Sold everywhere, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. None genuine without the signature, Thomas Keating, Chemist, London.—ADVT.

PRINCESS TATIANE.

PRINCESS ANASTASIE.

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT TOYS IN THE WORLD: THE TSAR'S FOUR DAUGHTERS RECEIVE SPLENDID PLAYTHINGS FROM PRESIDENT FALLIERES.

All the Russian newspapers recently alluded in glowing terms to the magnificent presents sent by President Fallieres to the Tsar's four daughters. The toys are said to be the most magnificent ever made for children. The eldest girl, the Grand Duchess Olga, received a small motor car driven by pedals; Grand Duchess Tatiane had a Louis XV. toilette service with the Grand Ducal crown in solid gold ornamenting the dressing-table which accompanied it. Grand Duchess Anastasie received a large leather travelling-box containing four drawers, one of which held a large doll, and the other three splendid costumes for the doll—one English, one Russian, and one French ball dress, the latter an exact model of one of Worth's latest creations. The youngest child, the Grand Duchess Marie, was made happy by an automatic doll dressed in pink and white, which conversed fluently in the little girl's native language by means of a tiny gramophone contained in its inside.



A great controversy is raging round the enormous expenditure on this palatial building. It is alleged that the style of electric light installation adopted therein was rejected by the authorities of Buckingham Palace on the ground of expense. Our second photograph shows the magnificent dining-hall with its stained-glass windows.

PRINCES POORER THAN PAUPERS: LUXURY AT HAMMERSMITH WORKHOUSE.

It really seems almost insane to continue to pay rent if the allegations made by the Ratepayers' Association with regard to the new Hammersmith Workhouse at Wormwood Scrubs are correct. Mr. Robb is appearing for the Association

SOME OF THE STATEMENTS.

Mr. Elvey Robb called attention to two "economising motors," charged at £43 10s. each.

"I put them at £15 each," answered Mr. Chambers, who is an independent expert called in by the Local Government Board.

He also said that he only condemned the duplicate wiring system on financial grounds, but when Mr. Casson asked if it would not be economical, as it saved current, Mr. Chambers shook his head.

"I can't say that altogether," he said.

Mr. Casson, representing the guardians, explained that the system was intended to provide two sets of lights. One set would be used in the evening, and when the patients went to bed that set would be turned off from headquarters and a smaller set be turned on.

"That sounds a very crude way of doing it," was Mr. Chambers' comment.

"If the guardians had that way pointed out to them as the best, would you say they were wrong in adopting it?" asked Mr. Casson confidently.

"I should say they knew nothing about it," was Mr. Chambers' reply. "It is a rule of the Institute of Electrical Engineers that duplicate wiring shall not be carried out."

"Would you expect to find duplicate wiring anywhere, except in another workhouse?" asked Mr. Robb, which caused much laughter.

Mr. Robb then took up Messrs. Edison and Swan's catalogue of fittings and compared the prices quoted with those charged for the Hammersmith Workhouse.

	Hammersmith Price.	List Price.
Twenty-four portable electric light standards, each	£1 10 6	£0 4 6
Master's dining-room three-light pendant	4 15 0	1 5 0
Ditto shades	0 6 0	
Three-light pendants, committee-room	6 15 6	0 19 0

MORE FIGURES.

Mr. Horace Boot, a consulting engineer, who gave evidence on behalf of the Ratepayers' Association, put in the following figures:—

	Prices charged.	Usual prices.
210 yards of rubber cable, per yard	11½d.	*2s. 10d.
Outside light standards, each	£11 3 6	40s. to 45s.
3-light pendants	£6 19 6	£3 2 6
Portable standards	24s.	10s. 6d.
To altering position of plant	£317	£165
Total on fittings mentioned	£1088	£670

* Paper cable superior to rubber.

The inquiry was adjourned until May 29.

THE PREMIER IN MANCHESTER.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman driving through the streets of Manchester with the Lord Mayor.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

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Astrology.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1s., and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, Glen Villa, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope. Mention paper.

Free Passages to Australia for Agriculturists, Mechanics. Assisted £8.—Hetherington's, 163A, Strand.

Beautifully Coloured Postcards.—Views, 25, 50, or 50 for 9d.; Lovers, 12 for 4d., 25, 9d., 50, 1/4.—P. I. P. Charles, West Green Road, Tottenham.

Boneless Corsets.—New invention; unbreakable. List free.—Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham. Mention "P. I. P."

Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Best prices given. Money sent by return of post. Teeth willingly returned (free of all cost to sender) if price given is not satisfactory. No postcards used. Call, or send by post to J. Lee, The London Teeth Institute, 65, Edgware Road, London. The largest buyer in the world. Teeth remodelled or repaired.

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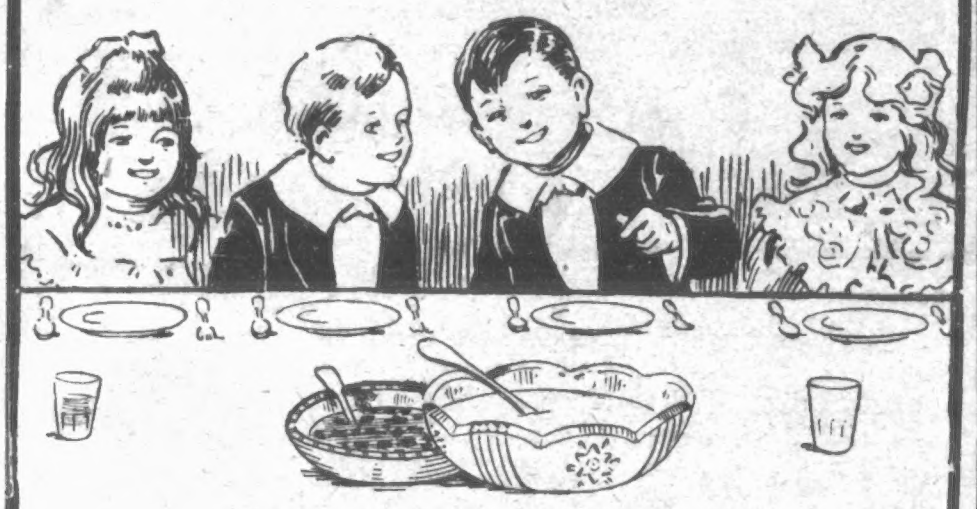

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TAKE

notice of the least symptom of disquietude, and promptly attend to yourself. That disinclination to exertion which you have to-day is the first warning: the stomach wants regulating. If you are wise you will put the mischief right while it is easy to do it. A little neglect and the stomach will get hopelessly slow, and will get slower and slower until it will need drastic measures to make it go at all. It will be much worse than an irregular clock: this only causes you to lose your train: an uncertain stomach will make you lose your work. Keep your stomach up to time, and the whole system "keeps time," too: work is a pleasure and comes easy. It is as easy to be healthy as to be always ailing; do as the healthy do—take

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